CDC DANGER

SECRET AGENTS.. SPIES
ESPIONAGE....INTRIGUE

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

DANGER

No 14

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

Supermouse
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Comics
Fantastic Tales
Cosmo Cat
Startling Comics
Strange Mysteries
Daring Adventures
Startling Comics
Mystery Tales
Exciting Comics
Famous Funnies
Strange Worlds
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Tales
Startling Comics
Barnyard Comics
Exciting Comics
Eerie
Exciting Comics
Casper Cat
Daring Adventures
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

GR-R-RRR!

JUDY and JIM DEFY SAVAGE GORILLA!

GIVEN! BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

HELP! THE GORILLA IS LOOSE!

STAND BACK! I'VE GOT A GUN!

GET BACK!

LOOK! HE'S CLIMBING BACK INTO HIS CAGE!

THAT BOY AND GIRL SAVED OUR LIVES!

YOU KIDS DESERVE A MEDAL! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT "22" RIFLE AND THAT BOW AND ARROW?

WE EARNED THEM SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE!

WOW! I'M GONNA SELL SOME OF THAT SALVE TOO!

Wallets
Food Chopper
Cosving Sets
Aluminum Ware
Blankets
Typewriters
Flashlights
Field Glasses
Watch Watches
Footballs
Archery Sets
Swim Fins

RANGER
ACT NOW!
WE TRUST YOU
Swim Masks
Axe & Knife Sets
Swim Fins
Telescopes
Pocket Watches
Pocket Watches
Bibles
Footballs
Radios
Electric Record Players (sent postage paid). Mail coupon for order and catalog to start.
Pen & Pencil Sets
Clocks
DON'T DELAY!
22 Caliber Rifles, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles
MAIL COUPON
LET'S GO!
BIG CATALOG!
ACT NOW!
WE TRUST YOU
Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles Bulfalo Telescopes, Rollex Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid) Rush coupon to start!
OUR 60TH YEAR

LOOK! LIVE PONY!
Yesiree a real live Pony for yous very own Wrist Watches, Clocks — Mail coupon for SALVE and picture to get started now!

Boys' girls Bicycles
Pearls
Ukuleles
Electric Deep Fryer
Wrist Watches
Flashlights
BE FIRST
Wagons
Candid Cameras with Carrying Case
SOLD BY AGENTS AND DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Dolls

WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE 35¢

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 99, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....

Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME ..... AGE .....

ST ..... R. D. ..... BOX .....

TOWN ..... ZONE NO. ..... STATE .....

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 99, Tyrone, Pa.

WE ARE RELIABLE!

DANGER

Volume 1, Number 14 October, 1955

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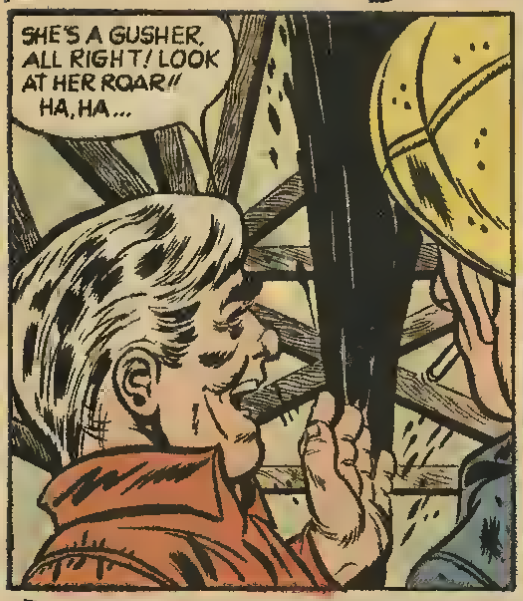
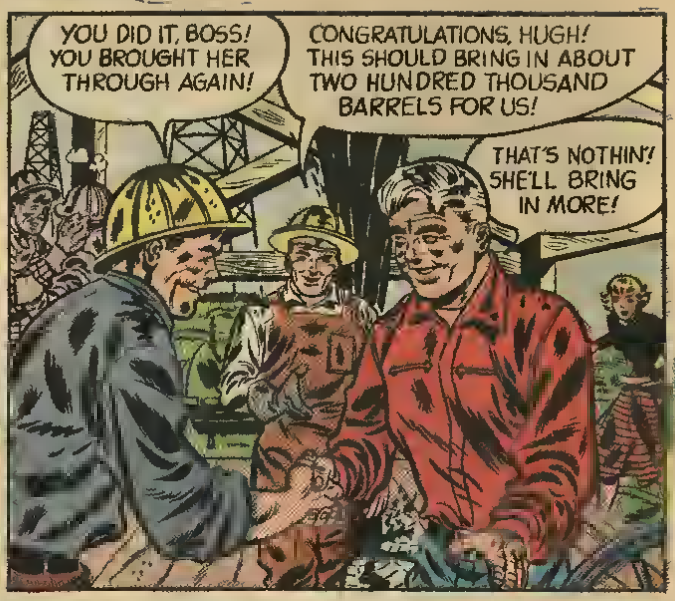
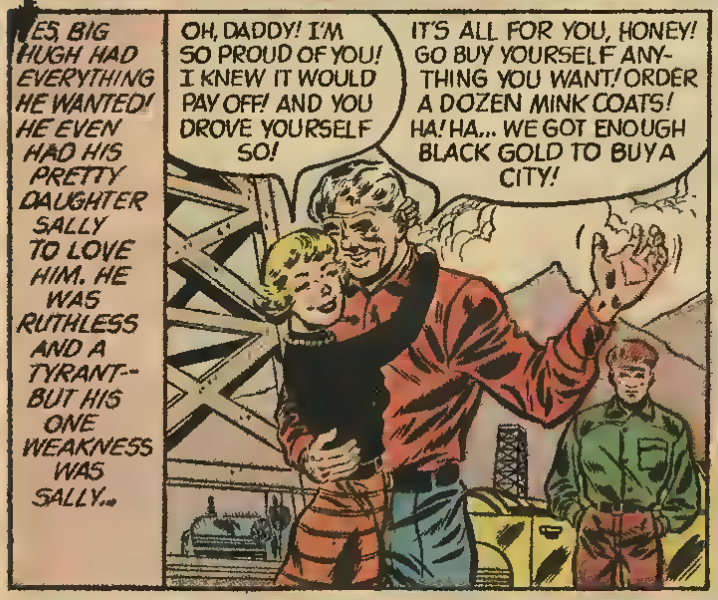
BLACK GOLD!

YOU'RE CLIMBING HAND-OVER-HAND ON BURNING WOODEN PYLONS OF AN OIL WELL THAT THREATENS TO EXPLODE ANY MOMENT. LYING UNCONSCIOUS ON THE PLATFORM OVERHEAD, IS YOUR ARCH-ENEMY AND RIVAL COMPETITOR WHO HAS FORCED YOU OUT OF BUSINESS! YOU HAVE TO DECIDE WHETHER TO SAVE HIS LIFE OR NOT--BECAUSE CLENCHED IN YOUR HAND IS A BOTTLE OF ***NITRO!*** WHAT WOULD ***YOU*** DO?


SHE'S A GUSHER, ALL RIGHT! LOOK AT HER ROAR!! HA, HA...

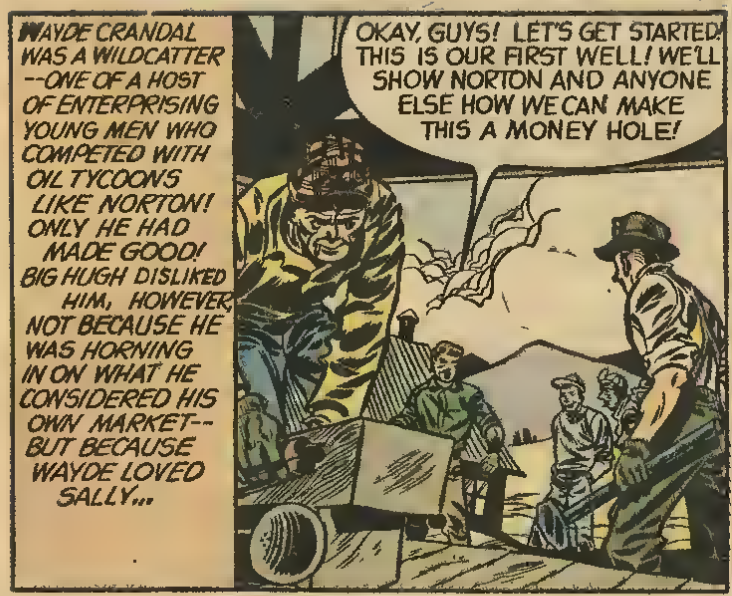

YOU DID IT, BOSS! YOU BROUGHT HER THROUGH AGAIN!
CONGRATULATIONS, HUGH! THIS SHOULD BRING IN ABOUT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND BARRELS FOR US!
THAT'S NOTHIN'! SHE'LL BRING IN MORE!


YES, BIG HUGH HAD EVERYTHING HE WANTED! HE EVEN HAD HIS PRETTY DAUGHTER SALLY TO LOVE HIM. HE WAS RUTHLESS AND A TYRANT--BUT HIS ONE WEAKNESS WAS SALLY...
OH, DADDY! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU! I KNEW IT WOULD PAY OFF! AND YOU DROVE YOURSELF SO!
IT'S ALL FOR YOU, HONEY! GO BUY YOURSELF ANYTHING YOU WANT! ORDER A DOZEN MINK COATS! HA! HA... WE GOT ENOUGH BLACK GOLD TO BUY A CITY!

I'LL GIVE YOU THE MOON, HONEY! I-YOU! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE!
HELLO, NORTON!

GET OUT OF HERE! GET OFF MY LAND! NOW!
HOLD ON, NORTON! SALLY DROVE ME HERE! I DIDN'T WANT TO COME--BUT SHE MADE ME! WE SAW THE GUSHER FROM THE ROAD! BUT YOU'RE RIGHT! I GOT NO RIGHT HERE!

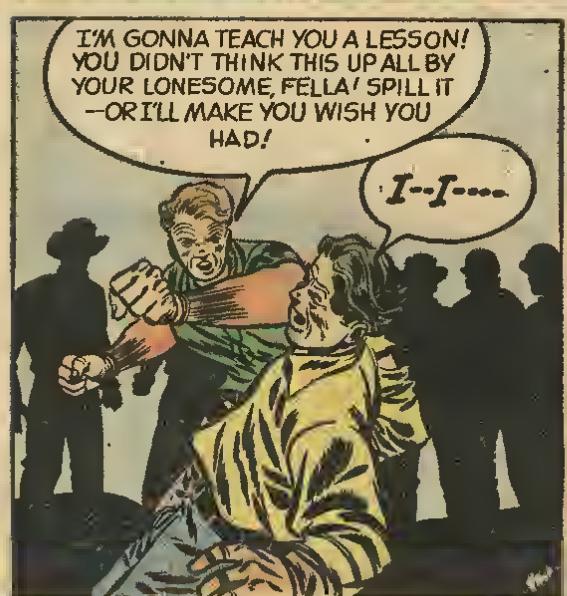
WAYDE, PLEASE! WAYDE!!
TELL YOUR OLD MAN I'M GONNA BUILD MY OWN WELL! THAT'S WHAT IRKS HIM, DOESN'T IT? TELL HIM ALSO THAT I'M GONNA SEE YOU IF I WANT TO! HE'S BOSS ON HIS LAND! BUT NOT OUTSIDE IT!!


WAYDE CRANDAL WAS A WILDCATTER --ONE OF A HOST OF ENTERPRISING YOUNG MEN WHO COMPETED WITH OIL TYCOONS LIKE NORTON! ONLY HE HAD MADE GOOD! BIG HUGH DISLIKED HIM, HOWEVER, NOT BECAUSE HE WAS HORNING IN ON WHAT HE CONSIDERED HIS OWN MARKET-- BUT BECAUSE WAYDE LOVED SALLY...
OKAY, GUYS! LET'S GET STARTED! THIS IS OUR FIRST WELL! WE'LL SHOW NORTON AND ANYONE ELSE HOW WE CAN MAKE THIS A MONEY HOLE!

HEY, WAYDE! TROUBLE! COME HERE! HURRY!
WHA----!

LET GO! I'LL GET THE FIRST RANNIE THAT TRIES TO STOP ME!!
GET HIM! GET HIM!
HOLD IT! LEAVE HIM TO ME!

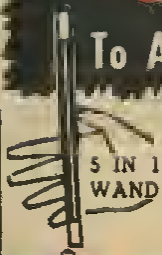
I'LL GET YOU! I'LL---
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, BUSTER!!


I'M GONNA TEACH YOU A LESSON! YOU DIDN'T THINK THIS UP ALL BY YOUR LONESOME, FELLA! SPILL IT --OR I'LL MAKE YOU WISH YOU HAD!
I--I----

COME ON, I SAID! SPILL IT!!
D-DON'T CRANDALL! I'LL TELL! B-BIG HUGH SENT ME HERE--TO SLOW UP YOUR PROGRESS! T-THAT'S THE TRUTH!

MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends



5 IN 1 WAND

A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too Plastic, 14 inches long with white tips and a black center 5 exciting tricks—Rises, jumps, produces silk, etc
No 240 . . . . . **1.50**

Boomerang

Here's something new in target throwing. In case you miss, it comes right back to you, and bingo! you're all set to "fire" again. More fun than a "barrel of monkeys"
No. 141 . . . . **50¢**

THROW YOUR VOICE

Ventro & Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist"
No. 137 . . . . . **25¢**

RADIO MIKE

Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from an other room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high No 112. **1.98**

Your chance to have eyes in back of your head See behind or alongside and no one knows you are watching. Fun everywhere you go.
No. 146 . . . . . **35¢**

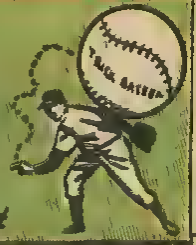
LOOK-BACK SCOPE

WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.
No. 247 . . . . . **50¢**

TRICK BASEBALL

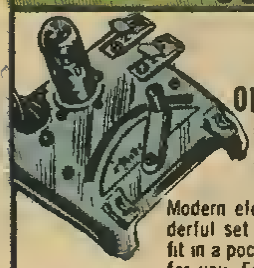
It bounces cockeyed, it curves, it dips, it's impossible to catch It's sure to set all the kids on the block spinning after it There's a barrel of fun in every bounce of this amazing baseball. No. 158 **50¢**



TALKING TEETH

They move! They talk! They're weird! Guaranteed to shut the blabbermouths up for good. It'll really embarrass them it's a set of big false teeth that when wound up, start to chatter away, like crazy A great comic affect for false teeth on cold nights.
No. 513 . . . . . **1.25**

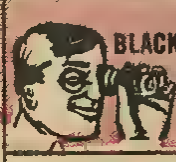
MANY EXCLUSIVE ITEMS AVAILABLE



POWERFUL COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size . . . Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible So small it will fit in a pocket Everything is supplied for you Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver No soldering required Really powerful too Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home Learn many useful and important things about radio
No 205 **3.98**

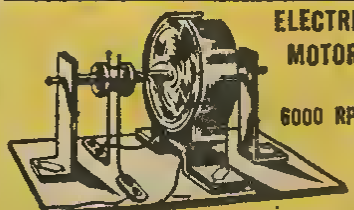


BLACK EYE JOKE

Show them the "naughty" pictures inside. They'll twist it and turn it to see, but all they do is blacken their eyes.
No. 216 . . . . . **25¢**

Costume Set Designed for Every Boy

Style 160 — For you he-men, we've got the newest, most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time. A complete Superman outfit in fine durable washable rayon gabardine. Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gilt figure "S", and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14. . . . . **6.98**



ELECTRIC MOTOR

6000 RPM

—Drives all Models

This is an offer that sounds unbelievable but it is being made just the same Yes you can have an actual electric motor for just 50¢ This compact little kit makes it a cinch to build this high power motor And the fun you are going to get from using it It's so simple and your motor is ready to turn out 6000 rpm's of power to work for you The coils of this remarkable tool actually turn at the rate of 1500 feet per minute
No 052 Only **50¢**

JOY BUZZER

The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation" Absolutely harmless.
No 239 . . . . . Only **50¢**

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Lynbrook, N. Y. Dept 63

Cannot ship orders totalling less than $1.00.

Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund at the purchase price.

ITEM #	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

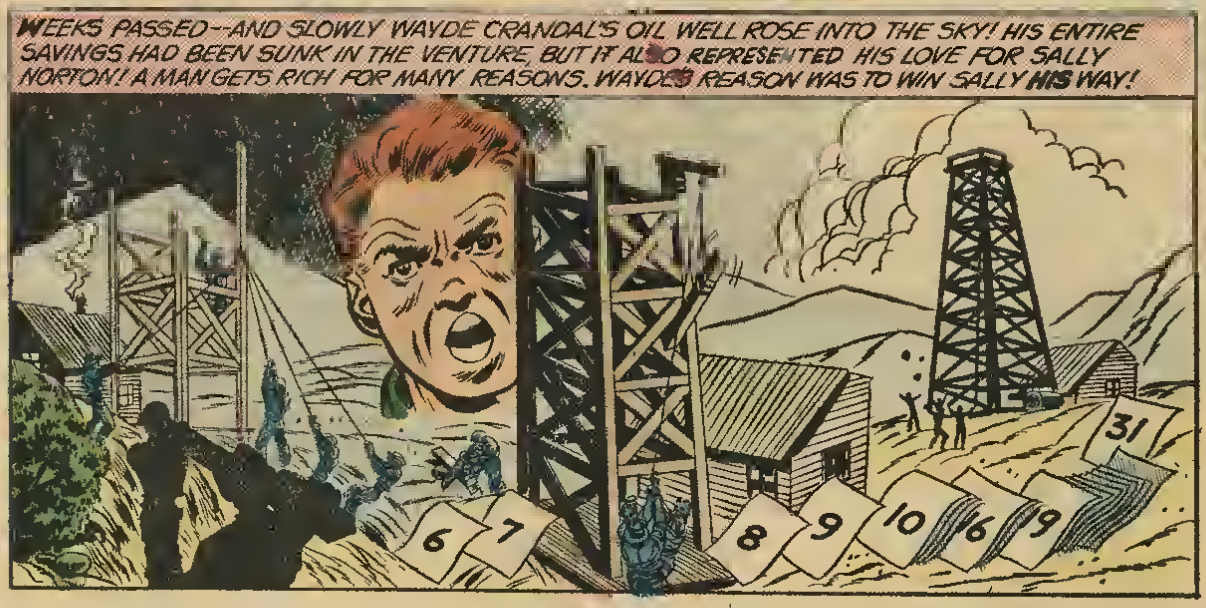
☐ I enclose _____ in full payment The Honor House Products Corp will pay postage
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

WAYDE, DEAR! IS--IS SOMETHING THE MATTER? I-I WANTED TO APOLOGIZE FOR FATHER'S BEHAVIOR BACK THERE!
SAVE IT SALLY! I JUST CAUGHT A SPY IN THE WORKS HERE--SENT ESPECIALLY FROM YOUR EVER-LOVIN' DADDY TO SLOW ME UP!

NO! IT-IT'S NOT TRUE! FATHER WOULDN'T--! WAYDE--I-I CAN'T HIDE IT FROM MYSELF ANY LONGER! YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT FATHER... POOR FATHER....
THAT'S ALL I WANT, BABY! WE'RE GONNA SHOW YOUR OLD MAN THAT WE HAVE SPUNK! START 'ER ROLLING BOYS! BACK TO WORK!


WEEKS PASSED--AND SLOWLY WAYDE CRANDAL'S OIL WELL ROSE INTO THE SKY! HIS ENTIRE SAVINGS HAD BEEN SUNK IN THE VENTURE, BUT IT ALSO REPRESENTED HIS LOVE FOR SALLY NORTON! A MAN GETS RICH FOR MANY REASONS. WAYDE'S REASON WAS TO WIN SALLY HIS WAY!
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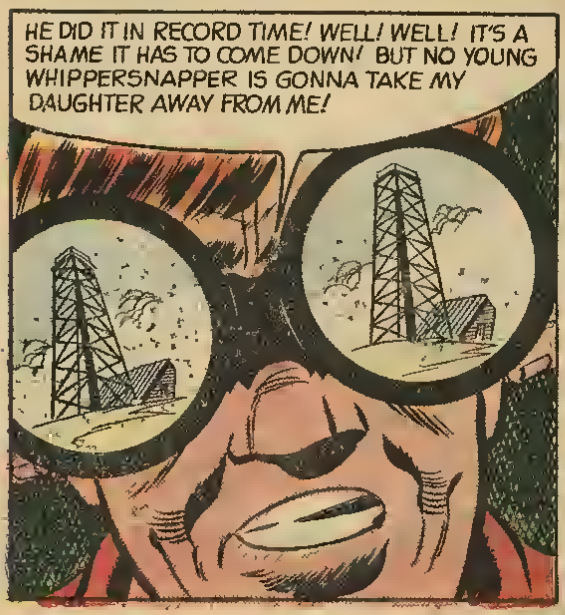
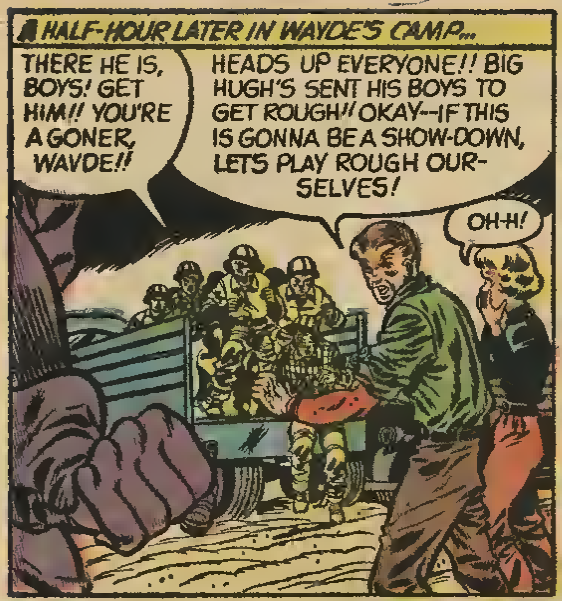
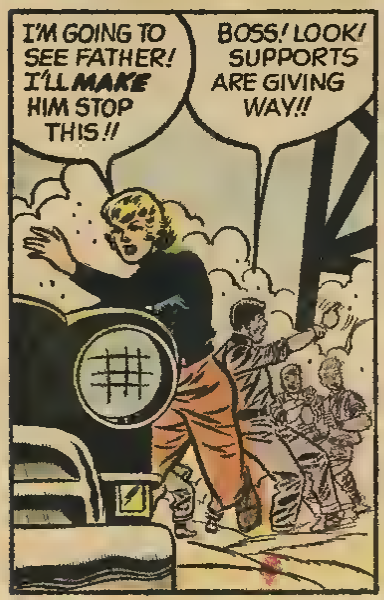
31

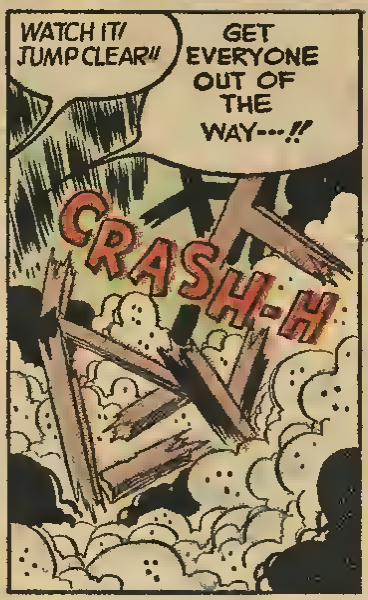

HE DID IT IN RECORD TIME! WELL! WELL! IT'S A SHAME IT HAS TO COME DOWN! BUT NO YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER IS GONNA TAKE MY DAUGHTER AWAY FROM ME!

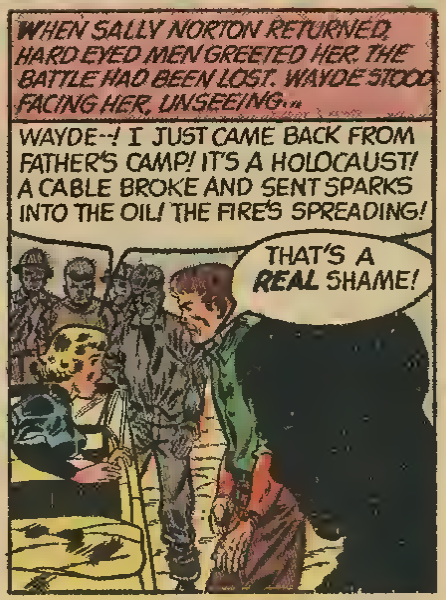
OKAY, BOYS! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! KEEP SLOWING HIM UP!! I WANT HIM TO LOSE HIS OPTION! THEN, I'LL TAKE OVER!
DON'T WORRY, CHIEF! IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE!


A HALF-HOUR LATER IN WAYDE'S CAMP...
THERE HE IS, BOYS! GET HIM!! YOU'RE A GONER, WAYDE!!
HEADS UP EVERYONE!! BIG HUGH'S SENT HIS BOYS TO GET ROUGH!! OKAY--IF THIS IS GONNA BE A SHOW-DOWN, LET'S PLAY ROUGH OUR-SELVES!
OH-H!

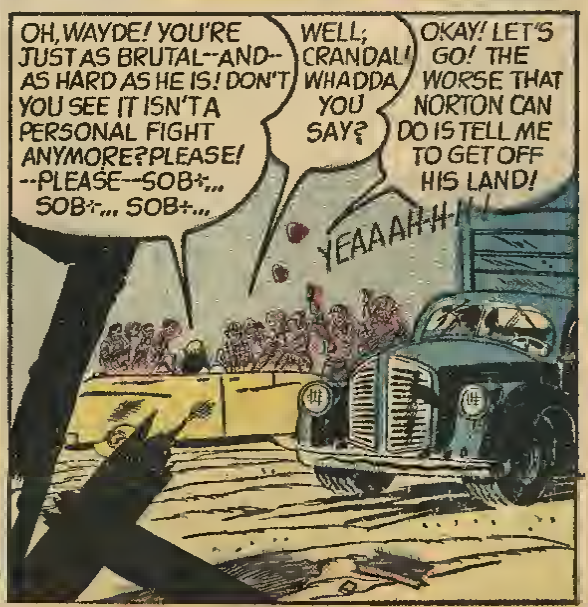
THIS'LL BE THE LAST WELL YOU'LL EVER BUILD CRANDAL. I'LL SEE TO THAT!
THROW EM OUT OF HERE, GUYS!

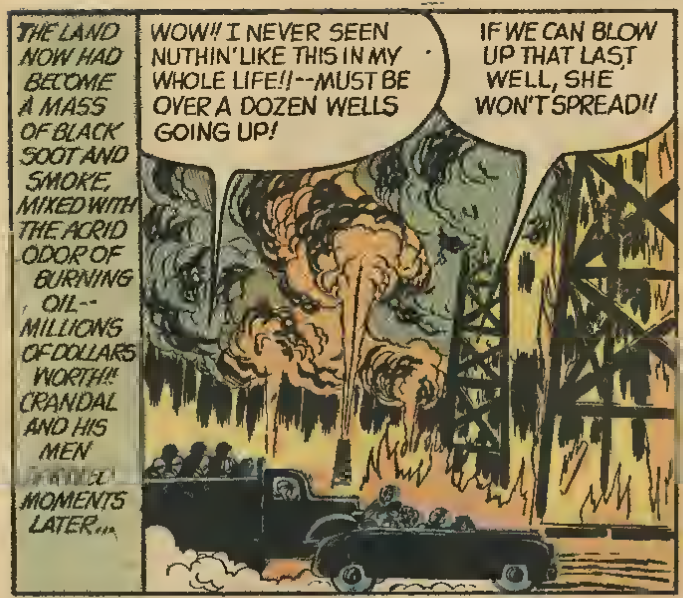

I'M GOING TO SEE FATHER! I'LL MAKE HIM STOP THIS!!
BOSS! LOOK! SUPPORTS ARE GIVING WAY!!


WATCH IT! JUMP CLEAR!!
GET EVERYONE OUT OF THE WAY---!!
CRASH-H


WHEN SALLY NORTON RETURNED, HARD EYED MEN GREETED HER. THE BATTLE HAD BEEN LOST. WAYDE STOOD FACING HER, UNSEEING...
WAYDE--! I JUST CAME BACK FROM FATHER'S CAMP! IT'S A HOLOCAUST! A CABLE BROKE AND SENT SPARKS INTO THE OIL! THE FIRE'S SPREADING!
THAT'S A REAL SHAME!

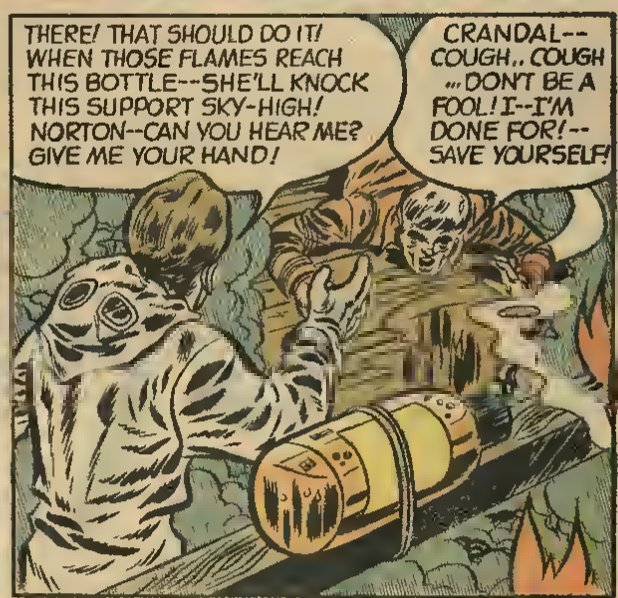
PLEASE, DARLING! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT ISN'T JUST DAD! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF WELLS HERE OWNED BY OTHERS! DAD'S PLACE JOINS THEM! WE'LL BE RUINED! THEY NEED EVERY MAN THEY CAN GET!
IT'S OKAY IF HE TEARS MY WELL DOWN--BUT WHEN HE'S IN A JAM, IT'S DIFFERENT! WELL--HE CAN STEW IN HIS OWN POT!


OH, WAYDE! YOU'RE JUST AS BRUTAL--AND--AS HARD AS HE IS! DON'T YOU SEE IT ISN'T A PERSONAL FIGHT ANYMORE? PLEASE! --PLEASE--SOB÷... SOB÷... SOB÷...
WELL, CRANDAL! WHADDA YOU SAY?
OKAY! LET'S GO! THE WORSE THAT NORTON CAN DO IS TELL ME TO GET OFF HIS LAND!
YEAAAH-H-!!!


THE LAND NOW HAD BECOME A MASS OF BLACK SOOT AND SMOKE, MIXED WITH THE ACRID ODOR OF BURNING OIL--MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH!! CRANDAL AND HIS MEN
MOMENTS LATER...
WOW!! I NEVER SEEN NUTHIN' LIKE THIS IN MY WHOLE LIFE!!--MUST BE OVER A DOZEN WELLS GOING UP!
IF WE CAN BLOW UP THAT LAST WELL, SHE WON'T SPREAD!!

WAYDE--OLD MAN NORTON'S UP THERE ON THAT PLATFORM--UNCONSCIOUS! HE GOT KO'ED BY THE SMOKE WHEN HE TRIED TO SAVE THE WELL!!
FATHER--UP THERE! OHH--!
DON'T WORRY, HONEY! I'LL SAVE HIM IF I CAN! AH!--HERE'S THE NITRO!!

MOMENTS AFTERWARDS...
OHHH...!
GOTTA WORK FAST... THERE'S NORTON!


THERE! THAT SHOULD DO IT! WHEN THOSE FLAMES REACH THIS BOTTLE--SHE'LL KNOCK THIS SUPPORT SKY-HIGH! NORTON--CAN YOU HEAR ME? GIVE ME YOUR HAND!
CRANDAL--COUGH.. COUGH ...DON'T BE A FOOL! I--I'M DONE FOR!--SAVE YOURSELF!

I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO ARGUE! I'M GONNA GET YOU DOWN IF I HAVTA CARRY YOU LIKE A SACK O' WHEAT!!
FASTER, DARLING! FASTER!! THE FLAMES--BEHIND YOU!! HURRY!!

BLAN!
BLAN!

BUT WAYDE CRANDAL HAD CLEARED THE WELL SECONDS BEFORE... LATER...
DARLING--DARLING! YOU'RE SAFE!
SHAKE, SON! I-I CAN'T SAY MUCH NOW--BUT WHEN WE'RE ALL RESTED AND CLEANED UP, YOU AND I ARE GONNA START BUILDING AGAIN--AS NORTON & SON, INC! THERE'S ENOUGH "BLACK GOLD" FOR EVERYONE!
THE END

THE WEST RIVER TUNNEL HAD BEEN A BATTLE EVERY INCH OF THE WAY...

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE, HARRY! JUST A FEW MORE YANKS!

NO, THE RIVER'S GOT ME, JACK! SCRAM NOW, BEFORE IT GETS YOU!!

DAVE O'BRIEN

JACK CARRUTHERS

THE KID HAD THE PROMOTION, ALL RIGHT, AND MAYBE HE HAD EARNED IT. BUT THEY WERE SENDING A BOY TO DO A MAN'S JOB. IT TAKES MORE THAN A PROMOTION TO MAKE A...

SANDHOG

I MIGHT HAVE MADE IT GOOD, BUT SUDDENLY THE WHOLE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER SEEMED TO GIVE WAY. THE SHORING SHIFTED, DRAGGING HARRY MACK UNDER.....

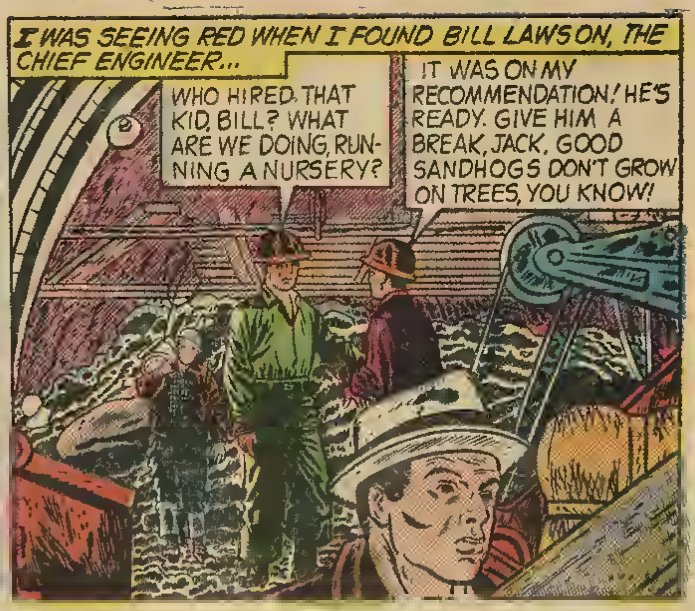
GOTTA LEAVE... GOTTA GET OUT!!!

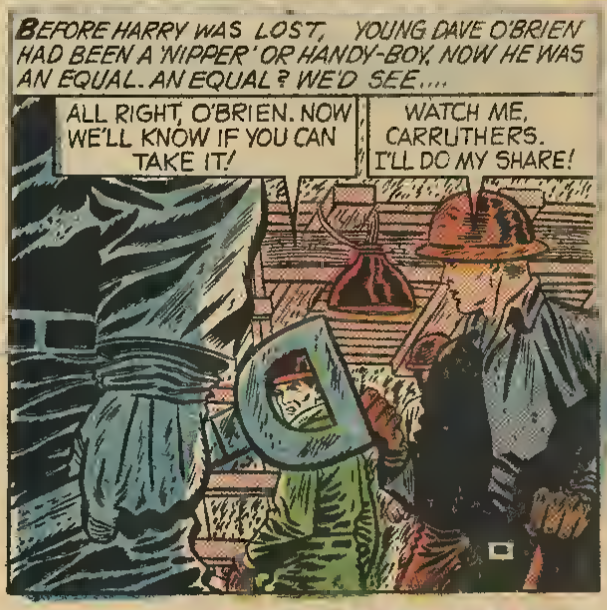
A SANDHOG GETS USED TO DANGER, HE LIVES SO NEAR TO IT. BUT HARRY MACK'S CASE HAD SHOCKED ME BADLY. WE HAD WORKED SIDE BY SIDE FOR TWENTY YEARS. YET, I WAS IN FOR A FURTHER SHOCK, WHEN MY NEW CO-WORKER REPORTED FOR DUTY...

HOLY SMOKE! YOU!!

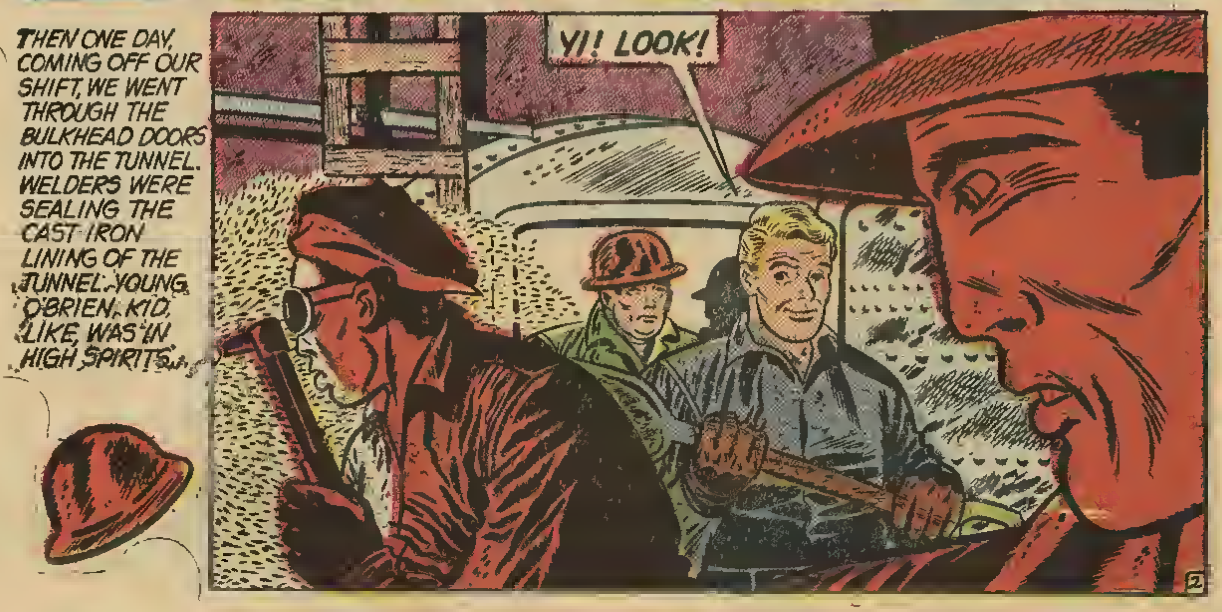
YEAH! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?

YOU'LL FIND OUT, SON! YOU'LL FIND OUT!


I WAS SEEING RED WHEN I FOUND BILL LAWSON, THE CHIEF ENGINEER...
WHO HIRED THAT KID, BILL? WHAT ARE WE DOING, RUNNING A NURSERY?
IT WAS ON MY RECOMMENDATION! HE'S READY. GIVE HIM A BREAK, JACK. GOOD SANDHOGS DON'T GROW ON TREES, YOU KNOW!


BEFORE HARRY WAS LOST, YOUNG DAVE O'BRIEN HAD BEEN A 'NIPPER' OR HANDY-BOY. NOW HE WAS AN EQUAL. AN EQUAL? WE'D SEE....
ALL RIGHT, O'BRIEN. NOW WE'LL KNOW IF YOU CAN TAKE IT!
WATCH ME, CARRUTHERS. I'LL DO MY SHARE!

THE KID WAS A GOOD WORKER. DAY AFTER DAY WE DUG INTO THE MUCK BELOW THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER. EACH DAY I EXPECTED TROUBLE BUT IT DIDN'T COME....


THEN ONE DAY, COMING OFF OUR SHIFT, WE WENT THROUGH THE BULKHEAD DOORS INTO THE TUNNEL. WELDERS WERE SEALING THE CAST-IRON LINING OF THE TUNNEL. YOUNG O'BRIEN, KID, LIKE, WAS IN HIGH SPIRITS...
YI! LOOK!

DANGER

IT IS THE GREAT AMOUNT OF OXYGEN IN 'HIGH' AIR THAT MAKES FIRE SUCH A HAZARD. EVERYONE NOW IN THE TUNNEL WAS WORKING FURIOUSLY!!

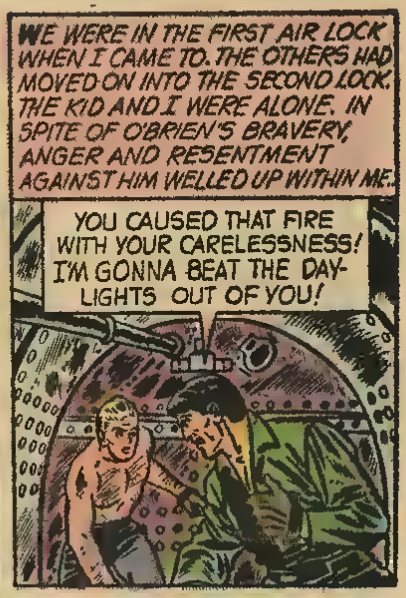
DANGER

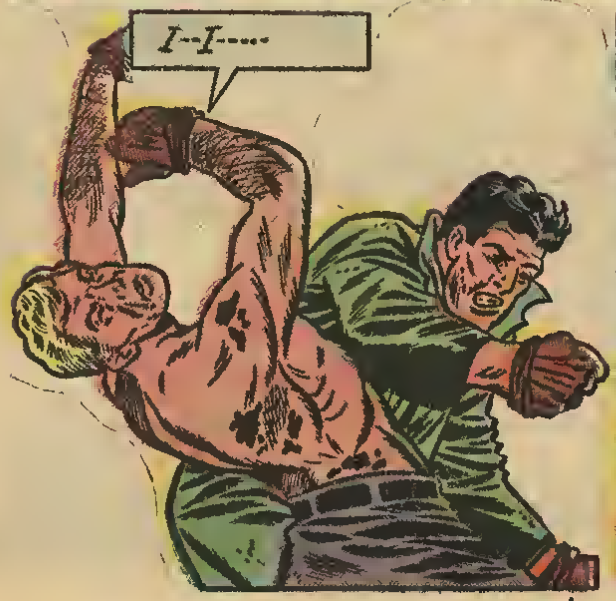
I SAID...+COUGH+COUGH+ ...COME OUT!!

THE SMOKE AND FUMES GOT ME THEN. MY KNEES BUCKLED...

CHOCKING, GAGGING, I BEGAN TO PASS OUT, WHEN O'BRIEN GRABBED ME...

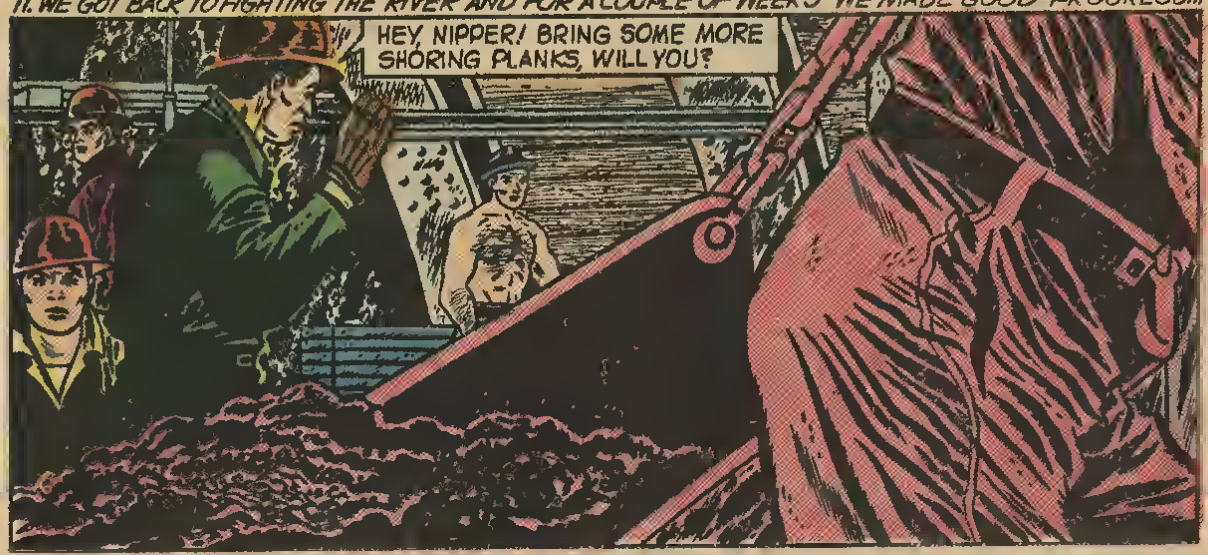
THEY'VE TAKEN THE LIFT! BUT I'LL GET TO THE AIR LOCK, ANYWAY!!


WE WERE IN THE FIRST AIR LOCK WHEN I CAME TO. THE OTHERS HAD MOVED ON INTO THE SECOND LOCK. THE KID AND I WERE ALONE. IN SPITE OF O'BRIEN'S BRAVERY, ANGER AND RESENTMENT AGAINST HIM WELLED UP WITHIN ME.
YOU CAUSED THAT FIRE WITH YOUR CARELESSNESS! I'M GONNA BEAT THE DAY-LIGHTS OUT OF YOU!


I--I----

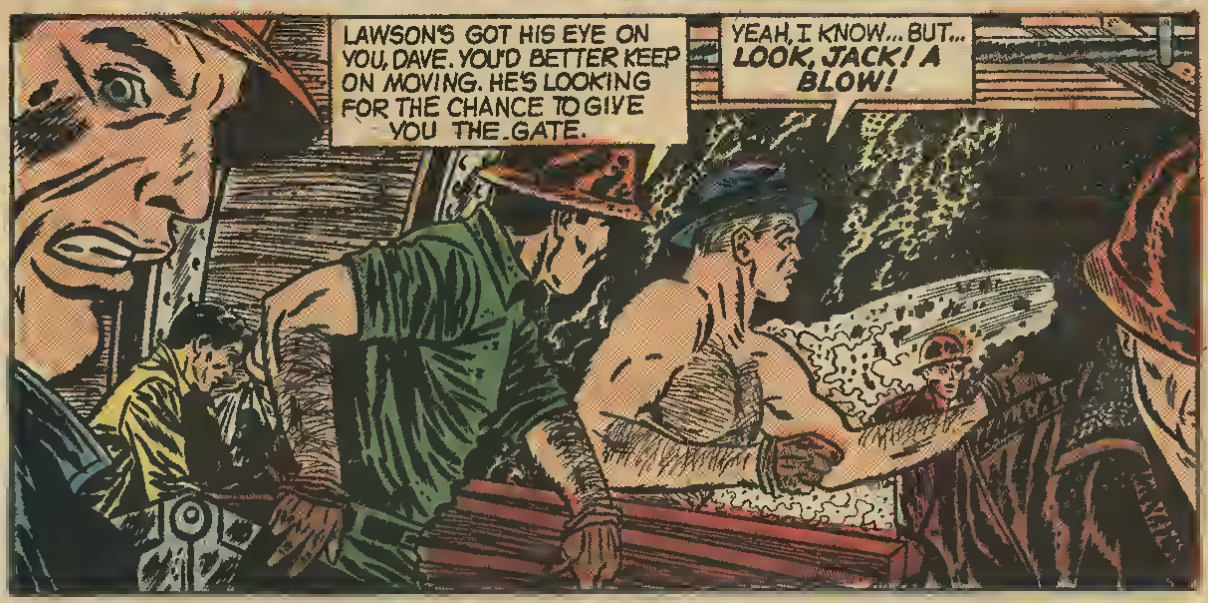
I'M... SORRY, KID YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
DON'T APOLOGIZE, JACK. I HAD IT COMING. IF I HADN'T STARTED THE TROUBLE YOU WOULDN'T HAVE NEEDED SAVING. I... GUESS I HAVEN'T MADE THE GRADE!!

THE FIRE BURNED ITSELF OUT WITHOUT GREAT DAMAGE. BUT EVERYONE HAD SEEN THE CAUSE OF IT. WE GOT BACK TO FIGHTING THE RIVER AND FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS WE MADE GOOD PROGRESS...

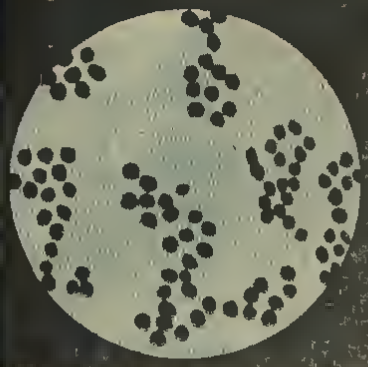


LAWSON HAD BEEN GOING TO FIRE THE KID BUT I WAS ABLE TO TALK THE ENGINEER INTO GIVING DAVE HIS OLD JOB AS 'WIPPER.'

BUT ALL THE SPIRIT WAS GONE OUT OF THE KID. HE HAD HAD HIS MIND SET ON BECOMING A SANDHOG.

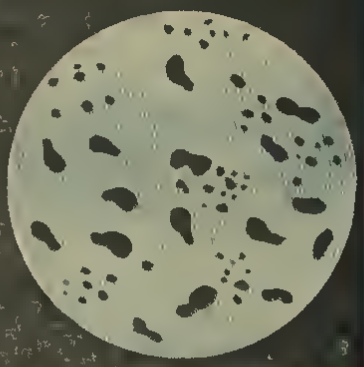


KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS



Staphylococcus albus

Corynebacterium acnes



Pityrosporum ovale

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all 3* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills germs that retard normal hair growth—*on contact*
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3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—*quickly*
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*

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We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Here's our GUARANTEE. Try Ward's Formula in your own home for only 10 days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK on return of unused portion. You are the judge. Send no money. Pay postman only $2 plus a few cents postage, or save postage by sending $2 with order. ACT NOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR. *SEND COUPON TODAY!*

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DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER HAD BECOME THIN AS WE HAD PROGRESSED. THE HIGH PRESSURE INSIDE THE TUNNEL HAD BLOWN A SMALL HOLE IN THE MUDDY WALL...
BRING HAY, EVERY-BODY! A BLOW!!

MAYBE THAT'LL STOP IT!
I DUNNO...

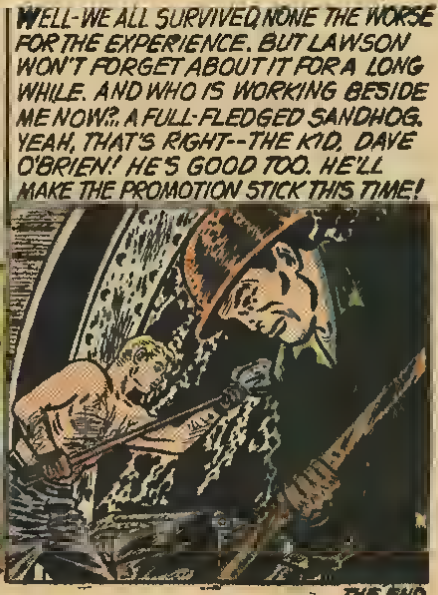
IT'S BEING SUCKED RIGHT UP! THIS IS A BAD ONE!! BRING A WHOLE BALE!!

THE KID, LAWSON AND I HAULED THE BALE THROUGH THE BULKHEAD DOOR....

SUDDENLY THE THIN TOP OF THE TUNNEL GAVE WAY COMPLETELY. EVERYTHING WAS SUCKED INTO AN UPWARD WHIRLPOOL...

DANGER

THROUGH THE RIVER'S BOTTOM, THROUGH FORTY FEET OF WATER, WE SHOT....



THE END

TWO CAN PLAY

HIGH in the lookout tower, Johnny Price, Fire Ranger, switched off the two-way radio after giving his regular report.

His blue eyes swept the horizon fifty miles away, over the countless lakes and virgin forests he guarded so well. It was a lonely job, but he loved this rugged country.

Opening the trapdoor in the floor, the active twenty-year-old started down the ninety-foot ladder.

The tower was perched on a steep rocky hill that rose beside a beautiful little lake. The Forestry plane, a Piper cub equipped with pontoons, landed there every couple of weeks with supplies. In a clearing near the tower stood the cabin where Johnny ate and slept.

Clang! He was halfway down when a tremendous blow shook the light steel girders.

Clang-eeee! Something bounced off a girder and screamed away—a bullet from a high-powered rifle! He accelerated his descent.

Anger flooded Johnny. "Some trigger-happy poacher. I'll have to remind him that deer and Fire Rangers are out of season. Shooting low. Safer to go up."

If he could get back up to the tower cabin where he kept his new rifle! He had been practicing for weeks on floating targets anchored out in the lake in preparation for the fall hunting season.

He climbed swiftly, but two more quick shots brought him to a standstill once again. Those were *above* him! Outlined as he was against the sky, he was at the mercy of some mysterious rifleman concealed in the trees. Death sang a savage song whenever he tried to move up or down. Rigid, sweating, he stayed still, waited. He heard a crashing in the bush near at hand. His woodsman's ear told him it was made by humans.

Two men pushed into the clearing. The solid, square-built man was puffing. Johnny noted that his mouth was scarred in a permanent sneer. "Nice work, Deadeye!" he said. "You sure played cat and mouse with Buster up there. Ain't lost your eye none at all."

The man spoken to had the build of a halfback—big, but graceful as a panther. His eyes were those of a dangerous animal. He cradled a rifle in one arm.

Deadeye! And this gorilla! Dismay knifed Johnny. They were the two killers who broke out of Kingston Prison. The one who called him Buster would be Rocco Fontana. The fancy rifleman would be Frazier Carman, who had won his nickname, "Deadeye", in pre-pen days, collecting a flock of trophies with his shooting!

"You can come down now, Buster." Rocco's thick fingers handled a big automatic with professional ease.

A week ago, headquarters had radioed their description to all Rangers, who were to report suspicious characters. Johnny had practically forgotten, for he was sixty miles from the nearest road or railway. Yet somehow—here they were!

He looked longingly up at the tower. Just one minute at the radio and the plane would be here in half an hour with help. Those fire-fighters were fast.

But Deadeye knew that. That's why he had gotten a long-distance drop on Johnny, taking no chances.

Deadeye's voice was soft. "You got a canoe down at the lake?"

Johnny nodded.

"Get maps and food from him, Rocco," the low voice continued. "I'll set fire to the bush across the lake. With no rain for weeks, it'll go fine."

Set fire to the bush! Johnny's head swam. "What's the idea?" he demanded. His job was to prevent blazes that could bring death to every leaf, every fish, bird and animal in this region.

Deadeye paid no attention, started to walk past. Johnny sprang. The rifle in Deadeye's

(Please turn to next page)

hands whirled in a blinding circle and caught Johnny in the stomach with sickening force. From his knees the young Ranger saw Carman stride on down the trail as if nothing had happened. Gasping, he got up.

"Ha ha! Ain't he the cold one, though?" Rocco's laugh was gutteral. "Sometimes he even makes me shiver."

The scar-faced man caught Johnny in a powerful grip before the slim but wiry Ranger had recovered from Carman's blow. Johnny was full of fight. He just *had* to stop Deadeye! But his best wasn't good enough against this gorilla.

Rocco explained, punctuating his remarks with blows. "This is *one* fire you won't report, Buster. It'll keep every man in this country busy while we get away. The Law Boys are getting too close on our trail."

Ten minutes later, Johnny was sitting in the cabin while Rocco, his eyes smouldering, sat across the room guarding the door. His gun and holster was on the table beside him. The killer had shown the worst of his vicious nature when he found how low the Ranger's food supply was.

With little to hope for, Johnny had kept his head through a brutal beating, waiting, racking his brain for an idea, a break. His eyes still shone defiantly.

"No need to wait for Deadeye," muttered Rocco, darkly. "This guy is no use to us any more," and his hand moved slowly toward the gun.

"If—if you're so hard up for food, why don't you try fishing?" asked Johnny, fighting for more time. "Look, you could use my rod." He reached for his casting rod, hanging on the wall.

Rocco looked interested, but watchful. "Don't try notbing." After a moment, he growled, "How do you use them things? What's that, hanging on the end of the line?"

Johnny tingled. Hanging on the end was a bait with two triple hooks on it. The killer didn't know what it was! *"Maybe,"* thought Johnny, "I can show him bow it works."

Rocco was fifteen feet away. Jobnny tinkered with the rod, measuring that distance carefully.

The rod arced smoothly. The reel whispered, and the bait shot across the room. *Too far*—no! A quick flick at the right second, and the bait hit Rocco's gun holster on the table. Instantly, Johnny pulled and buried the barbed hooks deeper.

Rocco leaped! The gun crashed to the floor. He plunged for his gun.

The heavy hand touched the gun, but not before Johnny had grabbed it. Rocco charged like an insane buli. Bolting the door, Johnny heard the angry cries of his former captor!

Speeding for the tower fifty yards away, he climbed the ladder as if his feet were in boiling water. Rocco pounded fiercely on the door of the cabin below.

Johnny loaded the rifle, broke a window, and looked down. The enraged Rocco was locked securely.

He whirled to the other side of the tower. Was he in time to catch Deadeye? The lake's blue surface smiled up at him—empty!

No! Far across, almost to the other side, was his enemy.

This was it. He steadied his nerves with a great effort. Was it to be victory—or a raging forest fire and Deadeye Frazier Carman at large? "Let's hear you talk," he whispered to his rifle. "Looks like about four hundred and fifty yards."

HIS floating targets told him the range. He adjusted the sights. You had fun with me on the ladder, he thought grimly as he took aim. Let's see whether two can play that game.

Once, twice, he squeezed the trigger. Great geysers leaped up just beyond Deadeye. Again, and still again, he fired. "Don't make another move," was the message of those accurately placed shots. And Deadeye, being a very smart man, caught on quickly and began paddling back toward the lookout tower.

Then Johnny, with a sigh of relief, turned the switch on his radio and picked up the microphone to report tbe capture of two escaped convicts.

THE END

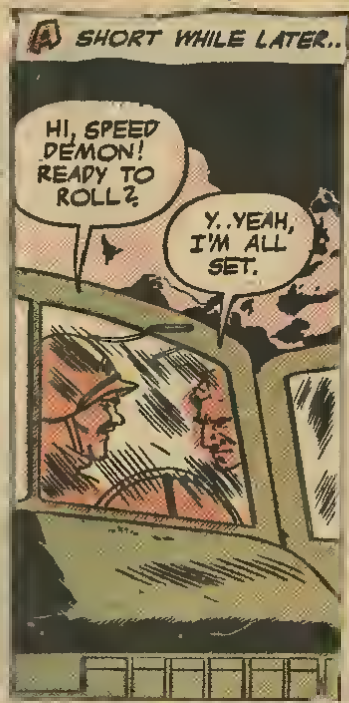
SPEED DEMON

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT BIG RACE AT INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY. ME AND MY BUGGY WERE RUNNING RINGS AROUND ALL THE OTHER CARS...
SOMEDAY I'LL RUN RINGS AROUND BILL GRAFF'S HEAD IF HE DOESN'T SHUT UP ABOUT WHAT A DARE-DEVIL RACER HE USED TO BE!
PVT. BILL GRAFF OF THE U. S. MARINES LIKED TO TALK BIG.. BOASTING ABOUT HIS PAST LIFE OVER AND OVER AGAIN..WEARING OUT THE PATIENCE OF EVERY MAN IN HIS OUTFIT. THEN TROUBLE BEGAN, AND BILL HAD TO BACK UP HIS BIG TALK WITH SOME BIG ACTION!

I WENT ZOOMIN' AROUND THIS TURN, CUTTIN' IT CLOSE LIKE I ALWAYS DID...
GRAFF! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE.

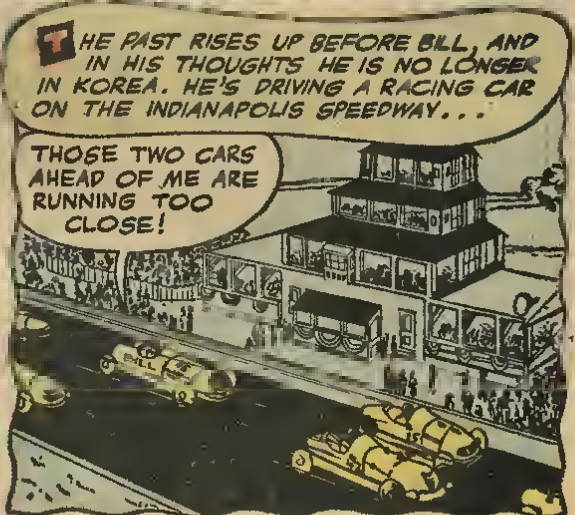
I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR BEING A GOOD DRIVER.. AND I THINK I'VE FOUND A WAY TO PUT YOUR ABILITY TO USE! MUCH BETTER THAN HAVING YOU WORK BEHIND A STOVE!
YES, SIR?

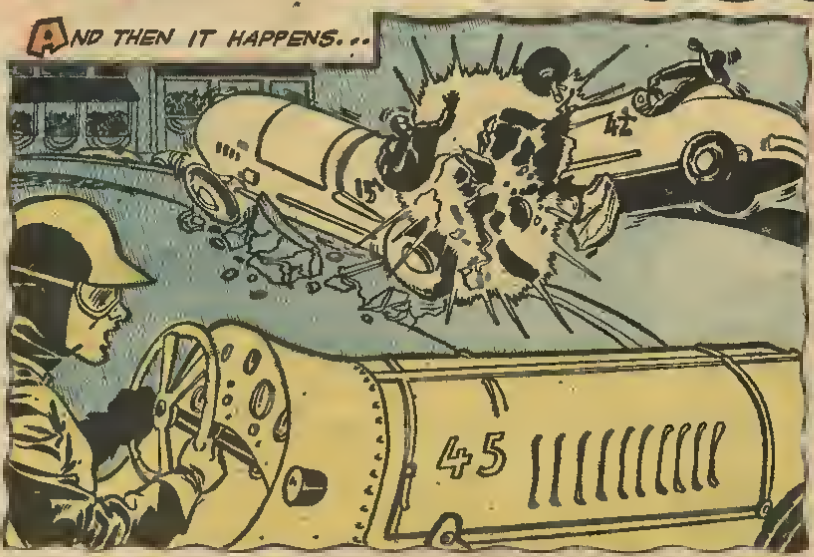
WE GOT A HURRY CALL FOR REPLACEMENTS UP AT THE FRONT LINES, AND ALL OUR DRIVERS ARE OUT! I WANT YOU TO TAKE THAT TRUCK AND GET IT UP THERE AS SOON AS YOU CAN. SHOULD BE A CINCH FOR YOU!
A... A CINCH --Y..YES, SIR.

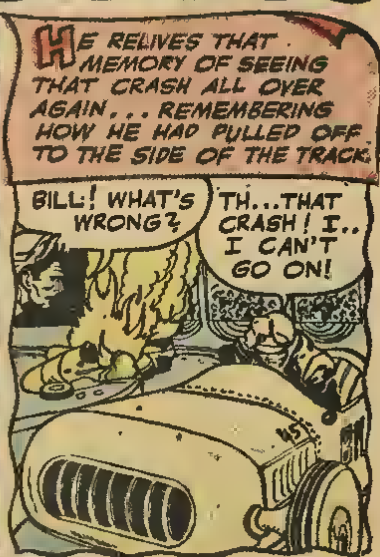

A SHORT WHILE LATER..
HI, SPEED DEMON! READY TO ROLL?
Y..YEAH, I'M ALL SET.

HEY...WHAT'S THE MATTER, BILL? YOU LOOK A LITTLE WORRIED! I THOUGHT YOU WERE AN EXPERT AT THIS KIND OF STUFF.
I'M ALL RIGHT. J-JUST FEEL A LITTLE WARM... THAT'S ALL...

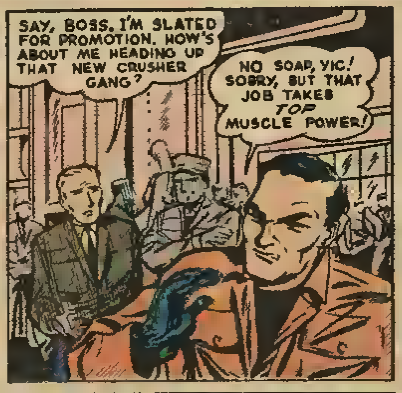
BUT BILL GRAFF ISN'T ALL RIGHT! AS HE SITS BEHIND THE WHEEL, TAKING THE TRUCK ALONG THE RUTTED ROAD, HIS TENSENESS GROWS STRONGER AND STRONGER.
I'VE GOT TO HOLD MYSELF TOGETHER! CAN'T CRACK UP... LIKE BEFORE...

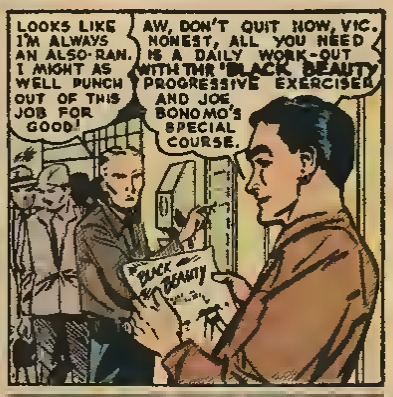

THE PAST RISES UP BEFORE BILL, AND IN HIS THOUGHTS HE IS NO LONGER IN KOREA. HE'S DRIVING A RACING CAR ON THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY...
THOSE TWO CARS AHEAD OF ME ARE RUNNING TOO CLOSE!

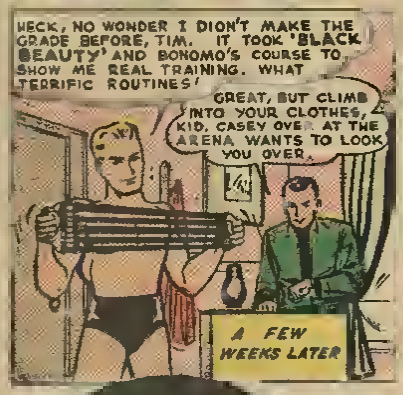

AND THEN IT HAPPENS...
45

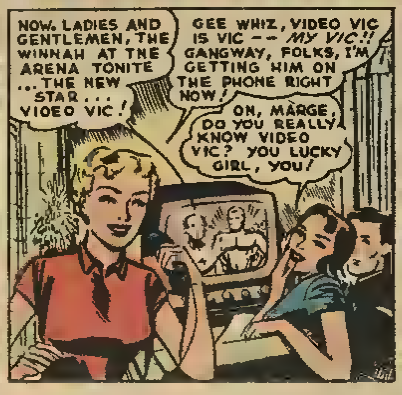

HE RELIVES THAT MEMORY OF SEEING THAT CRASH ALL OVER AGAIN... REMEMBERING HOW HE HAD PULLED OFF TO THE SIDE OF THE TRACK.
BILL! WHAT'S WRONG?
TH...THAT CRASH! I.. I CAN'T GO ON!

How 'BLACK BEAUTY' TURNS AN ALSO-RAN into "VIDEO VIC!"









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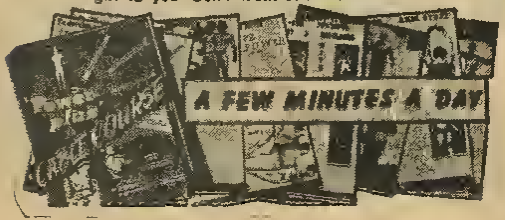

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PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
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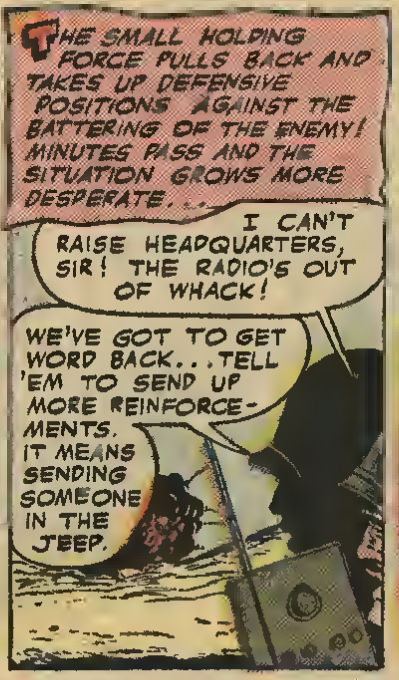
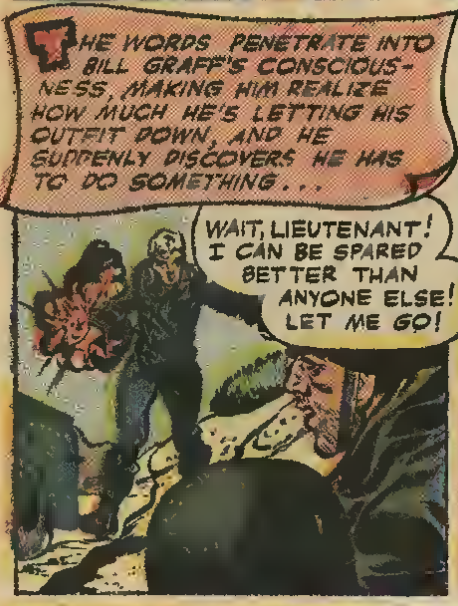
BILL REMEMBERS THAT MOMENT AS THE END OF HIS RACING CAREER... AS THE BEGINNING OF HIS FEAR OF DRIVING...HIS INABILITY TO GET BEHIND A WHEEL WITHOUT A MOUNTING SENSE OF TERROR!
THEN... AS A MORTAR SHELL HIT THE ROAD..
LOOK OUT!
BLAM!
THE-THE CRASH! I-I CAN'T GO ON!
I...I CAN'T DRIVE ANYMORE..
GIVE ME THAT WHEEL, YOU IDIOT! DO YOU WANT TO KILL US ALL?
SGT. WILLS TAKES THE WHEEL BEFORE THE TRUCK CRASHES IN THE DITCH BESIDE THE ROAD AND...
I THOUGHT YOU WERE A GREAT DRIVER! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A FAKING PHONY!
I-I'M SORRY! I C-COULDN'T HELP MYSELF!
AND SOON..
OKAY, YOU MEN! HOP TO IT! GET OUT AND REPORT TO SGT. WINICKI! HE'LL TELL YOU WHAT POSITIONS TO MAN! GET MOVING!
THE MEN RACE TO FIRING POSITIONS, FORGETTING BILL GRAFF IN THE IMMEDIATE STRUGGLE FACING THEM...
WHO'S THAT JOE BACK THERE?
JUST ANOTHER HOT AIR SPECIALIST, NOT WORTH TALKING ABOUT.
SUDDENLY... THE SITUATION BECOMES WORSE!
POUR IT ON! THEY'RE STARTING TO BREAK THROUGH!
GIVE IT TO 'EM!

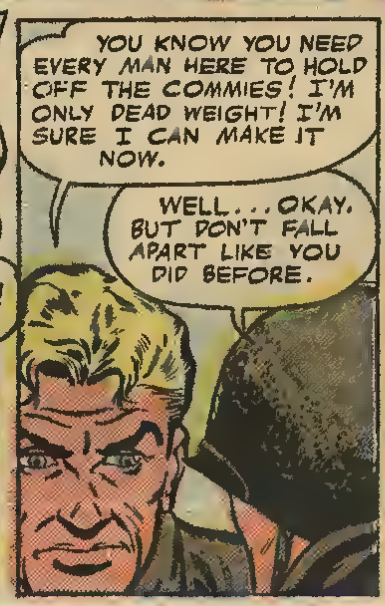
DANGER

HURRY! PULL BACK TO THE SHELTER OF THESE ROCKS! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO HOLD OUT!

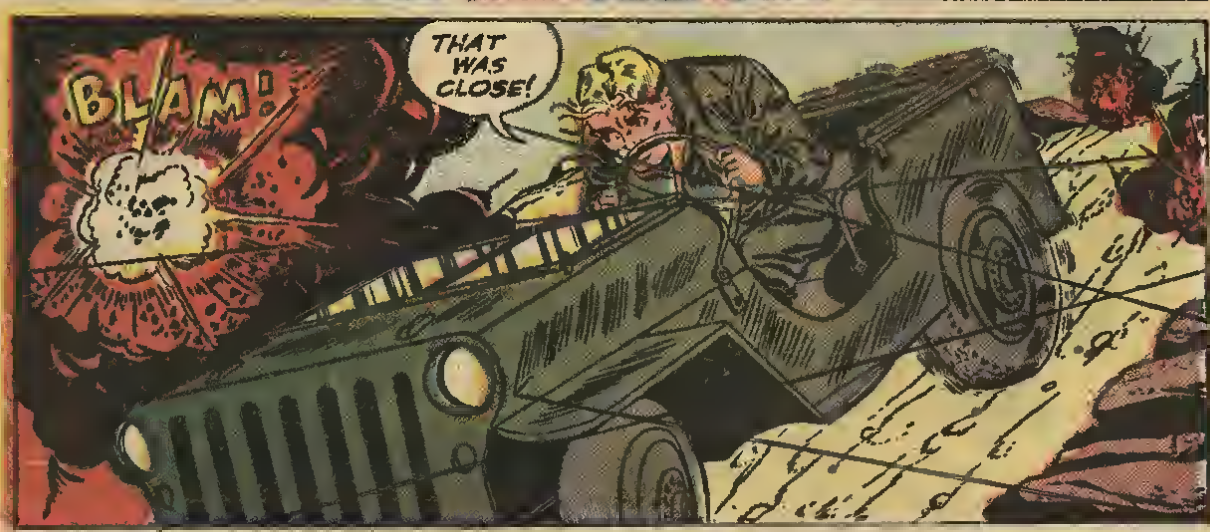

THE SMALL HOLDING FORCE PULLS BACK AND TAKES UP DEFENSIVE POSITIONS AGAINST THE BATTERING OF THE ENEMY! MINUTES PASS AND THE SITUATION GROWS MORE DESPERATE...
I CAN'T RAISE HEADQUARTERS, SIR! THE RADIO'S OUT OF WHACK!
WE'VE GOT TO GET WORD BACK...TELL 'EM TO SEND UP MORE REINFORCEMENTS. IT MEANS SENDING SOMEONE IN THE JEEP.

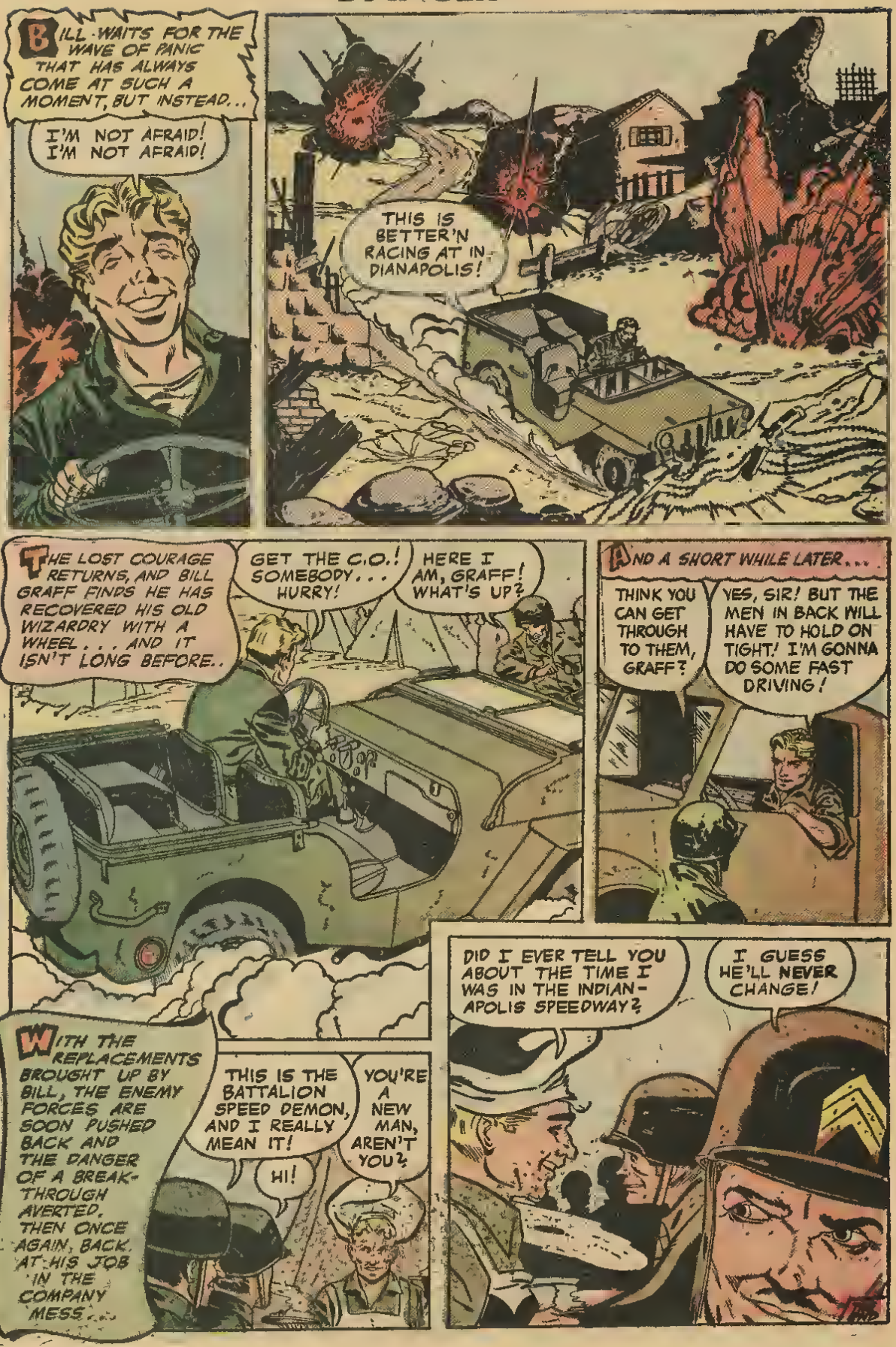
HOW ABOUT HIM?
AFTER WHAT I HEARD, I WOULDN'T WANT TO TAKE A CHANCE! BETTER SEND MULKEY! WE CAN'T REALLY SPARE HIM, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY!


THE WORDS PENETRATE INTO BILL GRAFF'S CONSCIOUSNESS, MAKING HIM REALIZE HOW MUCH HE'S LETTING HIS OUTFIT DOWN, AND HE SUDDENLY DISCOVERS HE HAS TO DO SOMETHING...
WAIT, LIEUTENANT! I CAN BE SPARED BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE! LET ME GO!


YOU KNOW YOU NEED EVERY MAN HERE TO HOLD OFF THE COMMIES! I'M ONLY DEAD WEIGHT! I'M SURE I CAN MAKE IT NOW.
WELL...OKAY. BUT DON'T FALL APART LIKE YOU DID BEFORE.

I'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH.. I'VE GOT TO!


BLAM!
THAT WAS CLOSE!


BILL WAITS FOR THE WAVE OF PANIC THAT HAS ALWAYS COME AT SUCH A MOMENT, BUT INSTEAD...
I'M NOT AFRAID! I'M NOT AFRAID!
THIS IS BETTER'N RACING AT INDIANAPOLIS!
THE LOST COURAGE RETURNS, AND BILL GRAFF FINDS HE HAS RECOVERED HIS OLD WIZARDRY WITH A WHEEL . . . AND IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE..
GET THE C.O.! SOMEBODY... HURRY!
HERE I AM, GRAFF! WHAT'S UP?
AND A SHORT WHILE LATER...
THINK YOU CAN GET THROUGH TO THEM, GRAFF?
YES, SIR! BUT THE MEN IN BACK WILL HAVE TO HOLD ON TIGHT! I'M GONNA DO SOME FAST DRIVING!
WITH THE REPLACEMENTS BROUGHT UP BY BILL, THE ENEMY FORCES ARE SOON PUSHED BACK AND THE DANGER OF A BREAK-THROUGH AVERTED. THEN ONCE AGAIN, BACK AT HIS JOB IN THE COMPANY MESS...
THIS IS THE BATTALION SPEED DEMON, AND I REALLY MEAN IT!
YOU'RE A NEW MAN, AREN'T YOU?
HI!
DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I WAS IN THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY?
I GUESS HE'LL NEVER CHANGE!

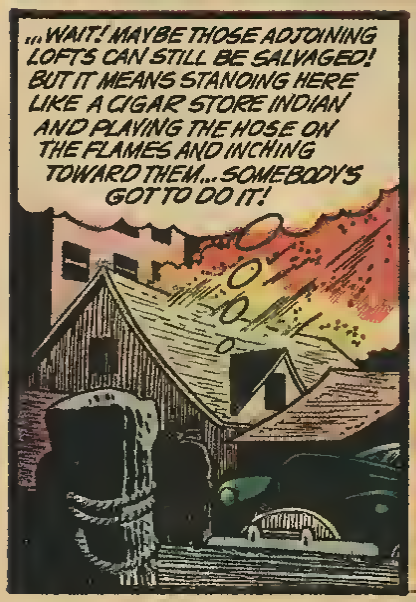
DANGER

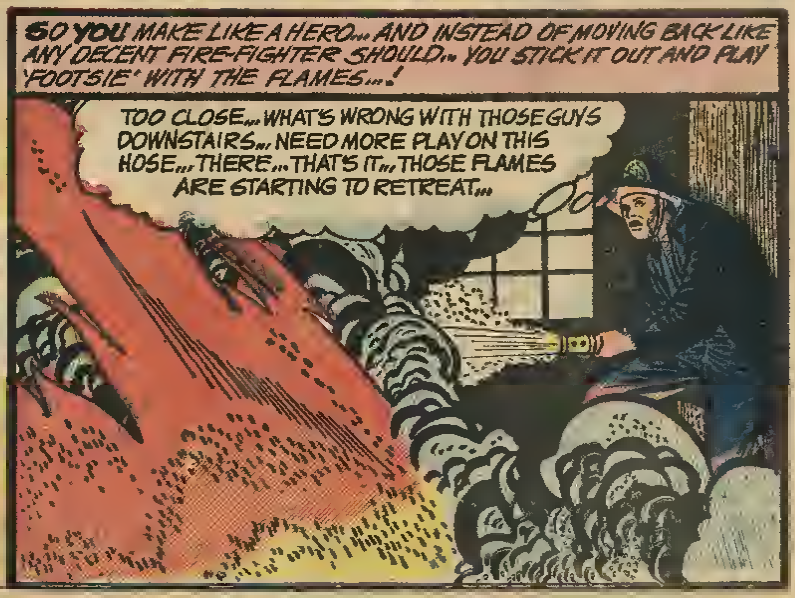
YOU'RE AN EXPERT IN FIRE CONTROL.. YOU'VE BEEN PAID TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE HUGE URANIUM ATOMIC PLANT... THE SLIGHTEST ACCIDENT CAN BLOW THE WORKS SKY HIGH! THEN IT HAPPENS... YOUR NERVES FEEL LIKE THEY'RE COMING OUT... YOU HAVE ONLY TEN SECONDS... TEN SECONDS BEFORE YOU MEET THE END....

FIRE FIGHTER

DANGER

YOUR STORY STARTS IN A FIRE-RAZED BUILDING OFF BROADWAY. YOU'RE JIM HENDRICKS, FIRE-FIGHTER ATTACHED TO THE 9TH FIRE PRECINCT. YOU'RE AN EASY GOING GUY THAT LIKES LIFE... AND HATES FIRES!



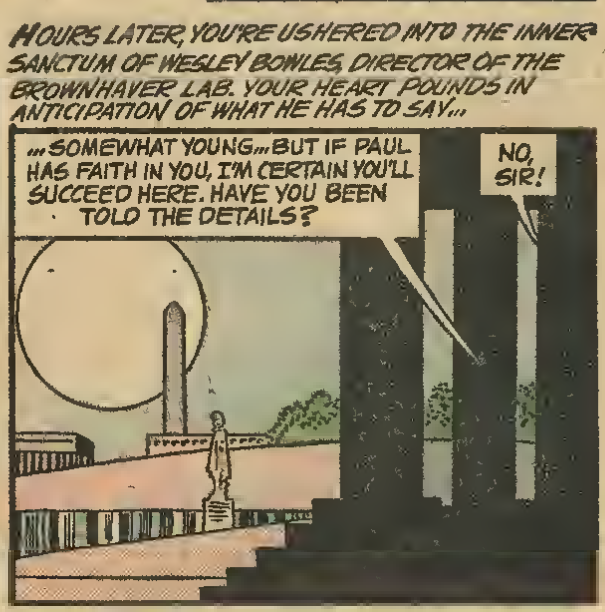


OKAY.. THIS PART'S FIZZLING! THE FIRE WON'T SPREAD ANY FURTHER!
HEY, GUYS! HEADS UP! HERE I COME!

MOMENTS LATER, YOU'RE DOWNSTAIRS... AND MIGHTY GLAD THAT YOU'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE!
WHEW! THAT'S IT, CHIEF! WE CAN CHECK OFF THIS BUILDING! THE FIRE'S CONTAINED!
JIM.. I WANT YOU TO MEET PAUL EVEREST .. SUPERVISOR OF THE BROWNHAVER ATOMIC PLANT.
GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR. HENDRICK.

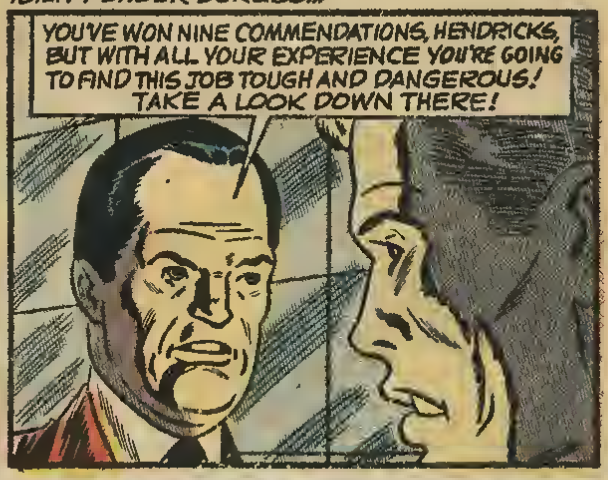
HEY! LOOKOUT! THE WALL'S GOING!
HOW DO YOU, DO, MR. EVEREST.
WELL, PAUL, THINK HE'LL DO?
HE'S OUR MAN, SIR!

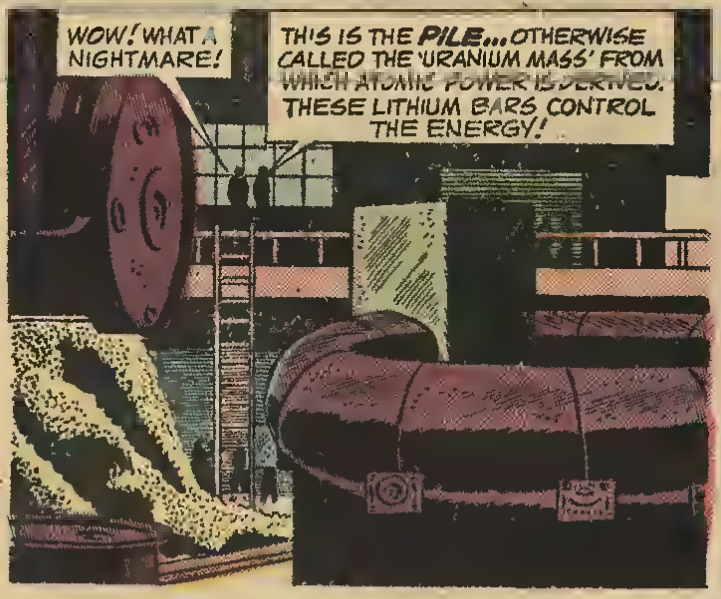
SO THAT NEXT MORNING, YOU FIND YOURSELF HIGH IN THE AIR BOUND FOR BROWNHAVER, USA... LOCATION OF ONE OF THE LARGEST ATOMIC PLANTS IN THE WORLD...
I'M DREAMING! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING TO ME!
WELL IT IS! YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN QUALIFIED FOR THIS JOB! CHIEF BATES REC-COMMENDED YOU HIGHLY!

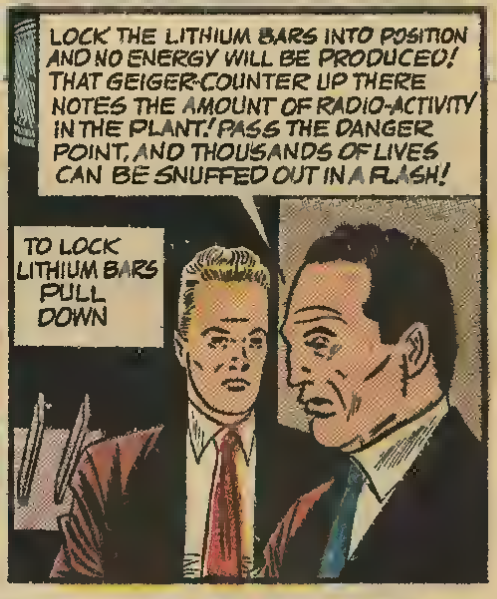

HOURS LATER, YOU'RE USHERED INTO THE INNER SANCTUM OF WESLEY BOWLES, DIRECTOR OF THE BROWNHAVER LAB. YOUR HEART POUNDS IN ANTICIPATION OF WHAT HE HAS TO SAY...
...SOMEWHAT YOUNG... BUT IF PAUL HAS FAITH IN YOU, I'M CERTAIN YOU'LL SUCCEED HERE. HAVE YOU BEEN TOLD THE DETAILS?
NO, SIR!

DANGER

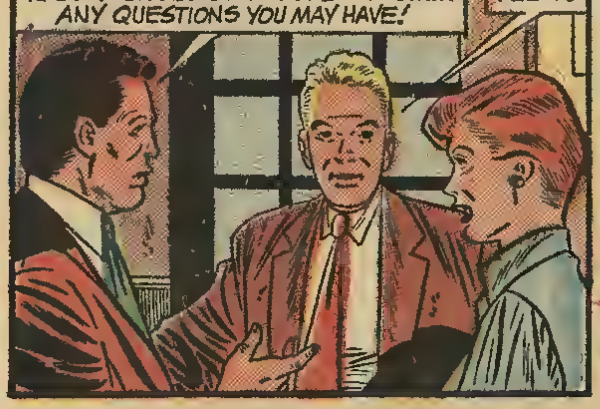
MORE INFORMATION... MORE DIRECTION AND EXPLANATION AND YOU FIND YOURSELF IN A FANTASTICALLY POWERFUL POSITION BECAUSE YOU'RE A TROUBLE SHOOTER... AN EXPERT... NOTED FOR YOUR FLEXIBILITY UNDER DURESS...





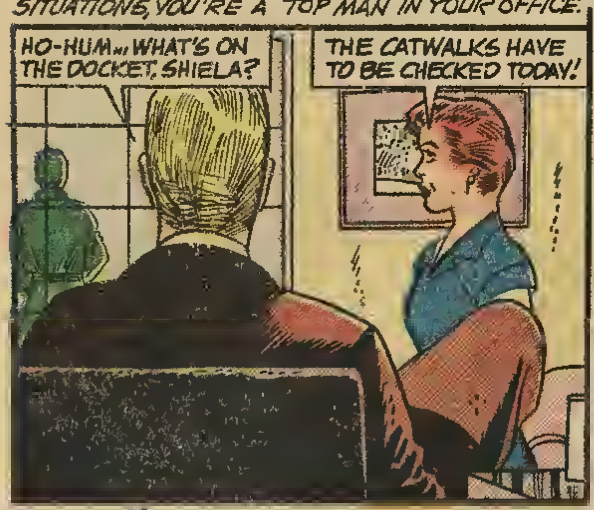


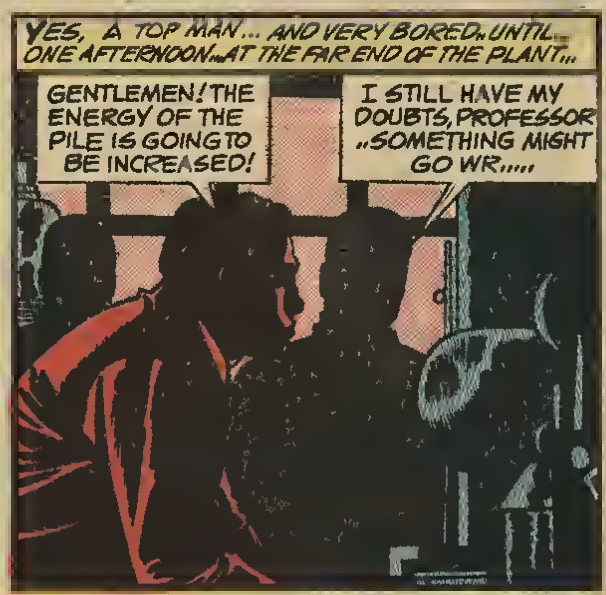
THEN THE REAL REASON FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT BECOMES CLEAR! THE F.B.I. HAND PICKED YOU... YOUR WAR RECORD HAD BEEN OUTSTANDING... YOU'RE THE MOST LOGICAL SUCCESSOR TO THE GUY WHO JUST DIED HERE... BURNED TO DEATH...



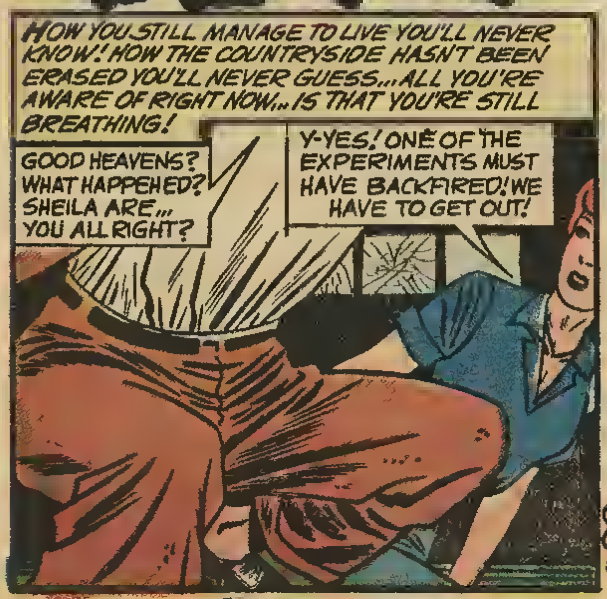
YOU'RE COMPLETELY BEWITCHED BY SHIELA. SHE'S NOT ONLY BEAUTIFUL... BUT QUITE A BRAIN... AND UTTERLY INDISPENSIBLE IN THE HUNDREDS OF MEMOS, AND ASSORTED TASKS THAT BECOME YOUR 'BABY' DURING THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW. AND YOU FALL FOR HER LIKE A TON OF BRICKS!

BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT A GOOD WAR RECORD, BECAUSE YOU HAVE A-1 EXPERIENCE IN FIRE FIGHTING, BECAUSE YOUR A TOUGH BIRD IN TIGHT SITUATIONS, YOU'RE A TOP MAN IN YOUR OFFICE.





THE EXPLOSION CUTS YOUR SPEECH SHORT AND HURLS YOU TO THE FLOOR....!



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STYLE #400

Snake-Zebra Design—Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives snappy distinctive dress up appearance. Front or Rear Seat only **$2.98**

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Leopard Cowhide design on Printed Flexton Plastic. Leopard on one side, Cowhide on the other. Either side gives beauty to your car's seats. Never gets dirty for it cleans with a whisk of a damp cloth. Front or Rear. **$2.98**

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Please send me seat covers I have marked. I can try for 10 days and return for refund of purchase price if I am not satisfied

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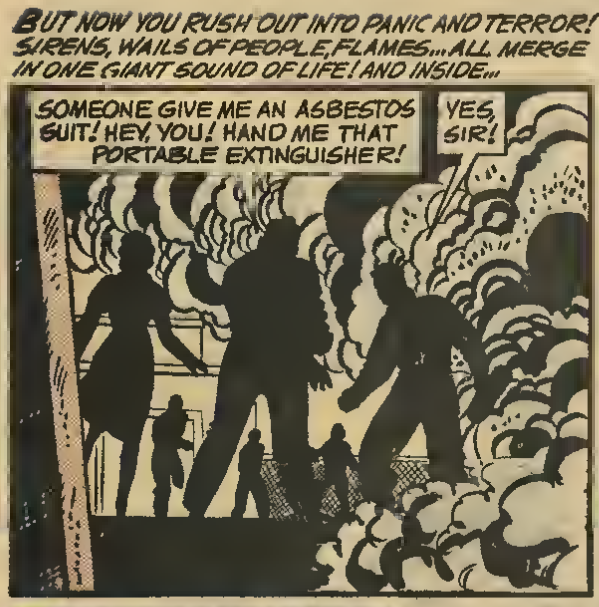
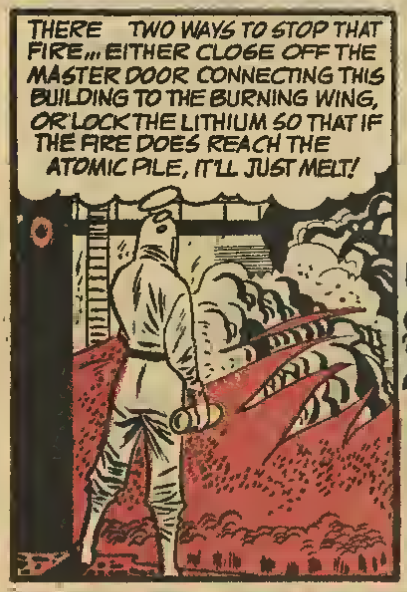
DANGER


BUT NOW YOU RUSH OUT INTO PANIC AND TERROR! SIRENS, WAILS OF PEOPLE, FLAMES... ALL MERGE IN ONE GIANT SOUND OF LIFE! AND INSIDE...
SOMEONE GIVE ME AN ASBESTOS SUIT! HEY, YOU! HAND ME THAT PORTABLE EXTINGUISHER!
YES, SIR!

JIM... DON'T GO IN THERE! THE RADIO-ACTIVITY HAS INCREASED! YOU'LL BE KILLED!
I'VE GOT TO TRY AND PUT OUT THAT FIRE. IF IT TOUCHES THE PILE, WE'LL ALL BE BLASTED OUT OF EXISTENCE!! SEE YOU, SHEILA!


THERE TWO WAYS TO STOP THAT FIRE... EITHER CLOSE OFF THE MASTER DOOR CONNECTING THIS BUILDING TO THE BURNING WING, OR LOCK THE LITHIUM SO THAT IF THE FIRE DOES REACH THE ATOMIC PILE, IT'LL JUST MELT!

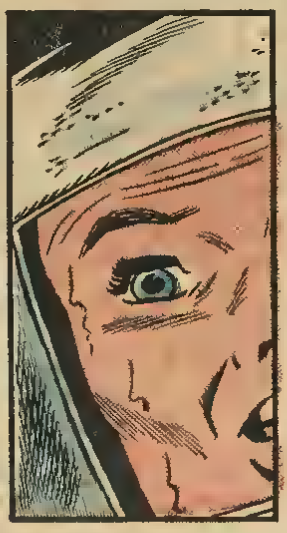
WOW! THE RADIO ACTIVITY IS AT THE DANGER POINT! THIS HEAT IS STARTING THE URANIUM PILE TOWARDS A CHAIN REACTION!

I'LL TRY THE MASTER DOOR FIRST!

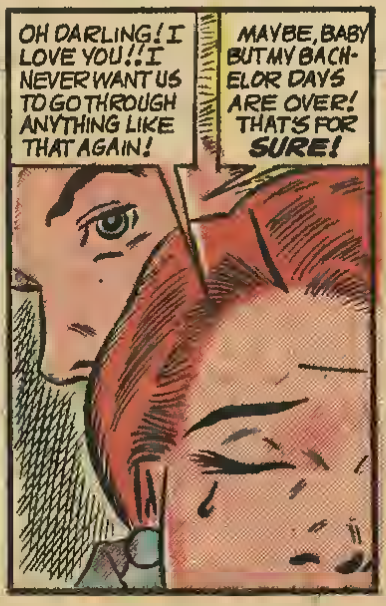
WHEW! TWO MORE SECONDS, AND I'D HAVE BEEN ROASTED! LOOKS LIKE I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE! IT'S THE LITHIUM CONTROL BAR OR NOTHING!

DANGER

I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT! .... PLEASE..... GOT TO MAKE IT.... GOT TO...



YOU SIT THERE PARALYZED NUMB ...WAITING! THEN YOU GRADUALLY [illegible] TO BE AN EXPLOSION! YOU REALIZE THAT YOU CAN STILL BREATHE, STILL WALK DOWN THAT LADDER, AND OUT OF THE BUILDING...



SO YOU KISS AND YOU FORGET, EVEN THOUGH TOMORROW WILL [illegible] TION... EVEN THOUGH TOMORROW WILL STILL BRING, AS IT ALWAYS DOES, INEVITABLE RISKS! BUT TODAY HAS MADE TOMORROW BEARABLE... FOR YOU'VE FOUND LIFE ..... AND HAPPINESS AS A... **FIRE-FIGHTER!!**

Mrs. Ruth Long

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